

# PJ Harvey, Baby In A Plastic Bag

There was a man who told us all about his yesterdays  
He said that come the come, come revolution praise  
And though we talked about him, walked about his yesterdays  
No crack could snap the fact, he bore them all the way  
What a day

Oh what an education  
Too bad, too bad  
Oh what a reputation  
Baby in a plastic bag

Calling out and falling out with everyone  
He saw no application for this summering  
Although it hurt a lot and burned a lot of offerings  
No calling... turned the granary

Oh what an education  
Too bad, too bad  
Oh what a reputation  
Baby in a plastic bag

Well I don't like your face  
Well I don't like your taste  
Well I don't like this place  
And I don't need your embrace

Oh what an education  
Too bad, too bad  
Oh what a reputation  
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Well I don't like your face  
Well I don't like your taste  
Well I don't like this place  
And I don't need your embrace

In a white room, in a warm man  
Warm bizarre  
Come and get me  
Come and get me  
Hang it on, hang heavy  
Come

Oh what an education  
Too bad, too bad  
Oh what a reputation  
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